

This transformer, located in the basement of the Leacock building, contains 90 gallons of PCB, a deadly carcinogen.

## McGill posts PCB warning

by Harold Koblin

Signs warning about possibly dangerous chemical leaks have been posted around the university by the McGill administration.

The signs are being posted wherever polychlorinated biphenyl, an extremely carcinogenic chemical is in use. PCB is currently being used as a transformer coolant in most of the McGill electrical system.

According to Ernest Lancaster, foreman of the electricians department, the chemical is only dangerous if it leaks out of its transformer housing. Lancaster says the use of PCB is not new.

"I've been here 25 years and they've been here longer than I have. Furthermore, there has never to my knowledge been a leak at McGill," he said.

PCBs are highly dangerous and the Federal Ministry of the Environment now requires building managers to post notices wherever they are stored. The notices state that anybody who notices a leak

should immediately call the nearest office of the ministry.

Lancaster said the transformers were originally constructed with the possible dangers of PCB in mind. Every transformer within the

university is in a concrete pit, or enclosed by an ascaril rail which would contain the deadly chemical in the event of a rupture in its casing.

## Concordia part-time profs join union

**MONTREAL (CUP)**—The association of part-time teachers at Concordia University has affiliated with one of Quebec's largest unions and is now working towards certification as a union.

The 45 members of the Concordia Association of Part-time Teachers (CAPT) voted unanimously this week to affiliate with the Confederation Syndicats Nationaux (CSN). They have until mid-December to convince 50 per cent plus one of Concordia's 611 part-time and 60 fractional teachers

to sign union cards.

With accreditation from the Quebec ministry of labour, CAPT can act as a bargaining unit for part-time teachers.

The university, however, has the right to contest the accreditation on several grounds. Jack Borden, vice-rector of academics at Concordia, said it was too early to tell if the university would contest the accreditation.

Job security is the most important contract item for part-timers. They are apparently often asked as late as

Labour Day to take on courses and have no guarantee of being re-hired.

Another area of contention is salary. Concordia administrators say they cannot give part-timers more than a marginal increase in salary because of a projected \$1.8 million deficit for this year.

John Drysdale, president of the full-time faculty association, says he does not know what effect unionization of part-time faculty might have on his association.

"It may be the case that the full-time faculty of this university will be in a position to unionize with part-timers," he said.

Part-timers at Université de Québec à Montréal (UQAM) are the only unionized part-time teachers in Quebec. They are also affiliated with the CSN.

CAPT spokesperson says Concordia part-timers want parity with the UQAM union.

Université de Montréal's part-time teachers are also awaiting a decision on accreditation.

## Bishop's gays harassed by "disciples of Anita Bryant"

**LENNOXVILLE (CUP)**—A student at Bishop's University has been physically and verbally harassed for attempting to form a gay alliance on campus.

In mid-October Daron Westman published a notice in the campus bulletins of Bishop's and Champlain College (the two schools share a campus) expressing his interest in establishing a gay students alliance.

Shortly afterwards, Westman was approached by two students while walking home at night and his jacket was ripped in the scuffle. Although he sustained no injuries, the two men shouted insults at Westman and threatened to break his legs if he continued his efforts to form the group.

The student newspaper at Bishop's, *The Campus*, has been dragged into the battle. Following the incident, an editorial denouncing the "strong streak of bigotry hidden beneath licentiousness" at Bishop's and supporting the right of such a group to exist, appeared.

The paper has since been

barraged with anti-gay letters and phone calls. One such letter received by the *The Campus* signed "The Disciples of Anita Bryant," deplored the paper's editorial policy and the giving of "space and publicity to perverts."

Westman went before the Bishop's student council last night to ask for funding for the gay alliance. He said there are a lot of sympathetic people at Bishop's and they are moving in the right direction but there is "a strong minority who are determined to be heard."

Westman said the gays on campus who have contacted him in connection with the group are afraid to admit their homosexuality.

"There are varying degrees of terror," he said. Some are also afraid of not getting jobs if they say they are gay.

Other support for Westman has come from former Bishop's students who left the school because of anti-gay feelings.

"Some have thought of coming back to support me, but no one on campus will come out," said Westman.

Harold Koblin



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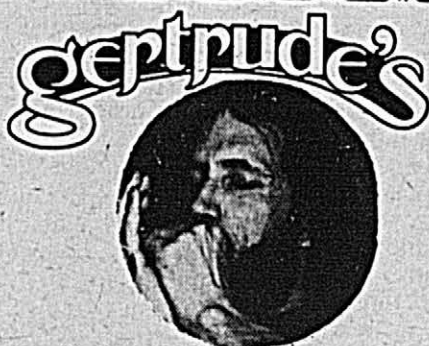
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### 352—HELP WANTED

Student Youth Organization requires part-time office help. Must be quick typist. Call 842-6616.

Music tutors wanted for flute and violin. Mature students with one year's experience. Call Nelson or Judy at 731-1473.

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### 372—LOST AND FOUND

Found: Key on Pine Ave. west of McIntyre Med. Bldg. Call 634-4772 after 6 p.m.

Lost: Brown purse, Morrice Hall no. 200, please contact Louise at 352-1646.

Found: black and white 8-month-old cat. Near Lincoln and St. Mathieu. Call 937-7262 or 286-0121.

### 383—TO GIVE AWAY

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### 385—NOTICES

Want to Rap with a Rabbi? Call Rabbi Hausman 341-3580.

Ski Trip - Stowe, Vermont - \$169 U.S. Jan. 7 to 11, super skiing, new snowmaking, and chair this year, everything included in price. Limited seats, for more info call Monique 721-1233 or Ken 488-7239.

Trip to Clearwater, Florida, Jan. 5 to 12. \$289 Cdn. Price includes an air-conditioned car with unlimited mileage, return air transportation, accommodation at Ramada Inn, plus many more. Limited seats, for more info, please call 747-9220 or 747-1723.

David Wilcox - Who is David Wilcox you ask... only one of, if not the best Canadian rock and blues guitarist... having played with the likes of Leon Redbone, Ian and Sylvia, Maria Muldaur and John Paul Jones of Led Zeppelin to name must a few of the greats. Wilcox is appearing in the Union Ballroom, Friday, November 2nd at 9 p.m. Don't miss this show.

Japanese students including Sansels: First get-together on November 3 (Sat.) at 8 p.m., 8155 Rousselot St. For info, please call 843-6634.

Tennis Anyone?? The McGill university tennis club offers you an opportunity to play indoor tennis at the Rockland and West Island tennis clubs, at reduced rates. Membership is only \$3.00! For more information come up to room 402 of the Union.

Mexico and the Bahamas. These two exciting trips are being offered by MSEA this winter. Departures are January 5 and prices are very good. A film presentation on both destinations will be held in the Samuel Bronfman Management Faculty Building (1001 Sherbrooke St.) tomorrow, from 12 to 2 p.m., in room 326. For more info call Antoine (Mexico): 334-0149 and Christine (Bahamas): 336-8015. Limited time and space.

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November 3, 1979

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THE WEEK





# In search of Organs

by Martha Nestor

A principal best kept in view as one glimpses through the sometimes mutilating, sometimes regenerative aspects of that organic phenomenon, life, is that one must maintain an open mind, and search continually for a fresh and untried viewpoint. Excessive and prolonged interludes of 'ennuie' point to one of two derailments from a more constructive path: a) You have stumbled into a punk party, or b) you have failed to apply that intangible currency, imagination, to whatever situation or circumstance you have gimped into. Sloth! Servile drone! Oily and obsequious clone! Un-parliamentary language is here, however, of no use. Offered instead, a suggestion, an alternative, an option.

For those new to Montreal, the city in which we live offers many unique facets, all of which one should sample rather indiscriminately to achieve the heightened condition of "broadened experience". If you have been here several years, and have not broadened yourself so much that you can't fit through new doorways of interest, there is now a previously unexploited aspect



of Montreal to which your attention should be drawn: the first and unprecedented **Organ Tour of Montreal**.

How such an integral part of human interest could have escaped organized exploitation defies the civilized

brain. But, once again, criticism of this sort is unconstructive, and the short-sightedness of others holds no interest for us here, at least as long as it remains a function of an organ currently engaged in use.

The **Organ Tour of Montreal** reveals to the interested spectator those all but hidden, intimate cachets of human organs in various conditions of repose, petrification, putrefaction and flaccidity around the city. These

previously out of the way, secreted spots were known and appreciated by only a few, but through our tour, will be opened to the public. A special tour bus will be made available for those students in Arts, who, because of specialization within their field, are virtual strangers to such remote and vast occurrences as coagulation, or tissue seepage. To reveal all that the tour holds in store for participants, could only be unfair to the tour company, but a few sneak previews won't be any skin off the tooth.

The first stop on the tour is the entrance hallway to the pathology department at the Royal Victoria Hospital. This institution has played a valuable role in the preservation and upkeep of organs. Organ-ized religion has been one of the only other groups to appreciate and provide facilities for the viewing of organs. Facilities are available for the squeamish. Organ enthusiasts are encouraged to contact the Weekly for tour bookings. Act now! These things can't last forever!

Eat your heart out, Murray Hill!

photo by Darrell Legge

# Halloween Dance

by Dermot Kelly

Vincent's heart was sore in his chest. The whole Halloween dance flashed before him in garish shades of orange and black: colours that reminded him of the Boston Bruins. What a cold country Canada was! Jilted by the girl of his fancy, all he could think about was hockey. All the sound and fury of the skates and the sticks couldn't raise his spirits now. He kept hearing his mother's shrill voice telling him he was too young to play with girls anyway. I remember Derek Sanderson though, he thought indignantly, I bet girls like you if you're a hockey player. Forget it, Vince, he told himself in his cranky coach's voice, you started too late. Espo and Orr were playing with men when they were your age. All the same, he mused, hunching his shoulders and glancing up through his visible

breath at the tower clock, I might get one last look at her yet if I wait.

Pimply kids passed out into the yard in white sheets looking like Casper the Friendly Ghost. Montreal West High was the spitting image of Riverdale and it too had its bonafide Betty and Veronicas. Young girls passed Vincent in homemade witch costumes—girls whose clear skin had been emblematic of Elizabeth Ballantyne and who now had budding breasts and acne scars. Elizabeth Ballantyne! Grade school. It seemed a time and a place of innocence to Vincent now here at his first high school dance.

Vincent started as Ned Craigle put his gaunt hand on his shoulder. "So," the singer with the nodding plume of hair said, "How do you find Canada?"

"Alright, I guess." Vincent

was pleased to hear a Scottish accent.

"Better than Glasgow?"

Vincent shrugged. "I liked how you sang that one about the building burning down."

Ned looked at the boy inquisitively a moment. Cars glistening with the hint of frost lined up at the gates as balding fathers came to take their fathers home. The teenage witches were whisked away into the night.

"Oh," Ned said grinning with comprehension, "Smoke on the Water you mean. That's such a stupid song."

"I like it," Vincent volunteered meekly and then louder he said, "Better than that church music you used to be playing Saturdays in the shopping scheme. The answer is in the wind. You know. Bob Dylan and all that."

"Not me," Ned said, "I don't like Dylan. Too cryptic for me.

Barry MacGuire maybe. That's more along my line. Eve of Destruction? Is that what you're thinking of?"

A big girl with a head of golden locks that was positively leonine ran across the yard to a white Impala at the gates. She wore a silver fairy costume and a sequined cape that trailed in the leaves as she went. Vincent blinked. That was his girl. The Impala pulled away and Ned kept talking, but Vincent wasn't listening.

"Eve of Destruction," he said lighting a cigarette with the battered fingers of a minstrel, "The last time I sang that I was nursing a black eye in the men's room in Windsor Station. I'd just gotten booted out of a pub, you see and I claimed my guitar from the porter. I took it out in the men's room and I was looking at myself in the mirror. This

fellow had dealt me a blow that made my eyelid heavy like Elvis, you know? All of a sudden I looked so right, you know, and the acoustics were perfect of course so I just burst into Eve of Destruction. I sounded stronger than it ever did down on Sauchiehall Street; I'll tell you that much. So I'm bawling away and in walks this girl—into the men's room, mind you. She bought me a cup of coffee and offered to take me home. I can't see that happening in Glasgow, can you?" He looked to Vincent for an answer.

"Glasgow's not that bad," Vincent said blankly still staring off into the distance.

"Oh yeh?" Ned said skeptically, "In what way?"

"Well, they don't have the F.L.Q. there."

"So? What's that got to do with anything?"

continued on page 12



# A Dramatic Experiment

by Denis Gascon

*The Théâtre expérimental des femmes strives to make women aware of their oppression in society through collectively created and executed, often experimental dramatic productions.*

The francophone troupe emerged in the spring of '79 following a split in the Théâtre expérimental de Montréal. The split occurred mainly because of dissension between men and women participants on feminism and the place of women in the group.

"I wanted to work exclusively with women," said Pol Pelletier, one of the three co-directors of the collectively administered theatre.

"Though the Théâtre expérimental de Montréal (founded in '75) was doing collective creations, which implies equal participation, men's visions always dominated. It was led and molded by men".

Today at the Théâtre, women write the plays, act and direct them, do the screenplays and the technical work as well as administer the theatre.

"There may be men one day but never in leading positions such as direction," said Pol Pelletier.

It is a militant feminist group run by and for women.

"As a feminist and "all-woman" theatre, we want to make women curious; we want to make them ask questions, to present new insights into their role to change their consciousness about themselves, and about sexism."

"We want women to create their own things. We want to find our own skills and perceptions," she said.

Pelletier, explained the theatre's concept of drama: Drama here is approached from a Brechtian perspective: that is, art with social responsibility.

"We are doing a social analysis of women. But we are doing it with images. Images so that women see themselves and their condition," Pelletier said.

The goal of the Théâtre expérimental des femmes is to unveil women's lives, lives they describe as fear and guilt-ridden.

Their plays attempt to portray women's real feelings, to extract those sentiments



Gigi Rosenberg

Pol Pelletier of the Théâtre expérimental des Femmes makes repairs.

and build around them a text. The theatre uses what Pelletier terms, "automatic speech", the "awakened dreams".

"The awakened dreams are neither realistic nor logical. What we say comes from the unconsciousness", Pelletier explained.

It is a long method, a method by which it takes about four months to structure a single collective creation. But such an improvised text becomes the fruit of many women's labor. It captures their emotions and, most of all, creates images.

"We are a theatre of images. They express so much, especially for women. For example, in *A ma Mère*,

woman's real life. History has proven (and so has drama) that women have not always existed as themselves; they have existed in relation to someone else. The use of the imagination permits the free expression of deep feelings.

"We do not play such traditional female characters as the wife, mistress, maid or mother. Our characters are not dependent, they are autonomous," Pelletier explained.

Théâtre expérimental des femmes is revolutionary in its approach to theatre. No models. They use the unconscious to develop ideas for scenarios because they are essentially creating from nothing.

The troupe is equally revolutionary in its form. Pelletier believes that the physical seating arrangement is as much a part of what is going on as the images themselves. The theatre is not a classic 'théâtre à l'italienne' where the public reacts passively to plays.

We transform the stage to get the public completely involved and integrated into the piece".

Pelletier admits that it is still hard to find engaged and conscious women in theatre.

"Women are afraid to become involved. And it is even harder in theatre because women are molded to be dependent. They have to perceive themselves in a new way," she said.

*The Théâtre expérimental des femmes will present "Célébrations" starting on November 9 at 320 Notre-Dame East.*

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page 5/The McGill Daily

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# Stratford Revisited

by Leor Margulies

The twenty-seventh season of the Stratford Theatre Festival opened this past June with the question of how it would fare without the leadership of Robin Phillips and without the benefit of several of its international and local stars. Robin Phillips, the Festival's artistic director for five years, took a much-needed sabbatical. Maggie Smith and Brian Bedford did not return to the Stratford stages after delighting audiences for several years in productions of *The Guardsman*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Richard III* and, of course, *Private Lives*, among others.

The verdict: artistically and commercially, the Festival enjoyed a good but not spectacular year. The histories—*Richard II* with its three alternating leads and *Henry IV Parts I and II*—were not overwhelming successes. The Festival expected to suffer a deficit for the first time in recent years as a result. Competition from the BBC productions of these plays which were broadcast on the U.S. public television network apparently did not help.

However, Robin Phillips, even while on sabbatical, managed to direct three productions: *Love's Labour Lost*, *The Importance of Being Earnest* and *King Lear*. That these three plays just happened to be among the most popular productions is no coincidence. Other excellent productions included *Othello* and *The Taming of the Shrew* (which appeared on the Third Stage for only a short run).

*The Importance of Being Earnest*, a high point of both the 1975 and 1976 seasons, reappeared intact and still exquisitely funny. William Hutt as the indomitable Lady Bracknell once again proved that he is among the finest and most versatile of Canadian actors. His every appearance on stage seemed to climax an already exceedingly funny situation created by the other characters. Oscar Wilde's pointed satire of society's artificial rules and manners was tastefully recreated through costumes based on Molly Campbell's original designs and Robin Phillips well-paced direction.

*Othello*, one of Shakespeare's finest tragedies, was produced for the first time since 1973. It is a story of passions gone awry—love, jealousy and revenge—where noble and good men can be led astray by their own



uncontrollable emotions.

As the villain Iago who sets out to destroy his commander for failure to promote him, Nicholas Pennell presented an evil yet almost sympathetic rogue. One despised him for his acts, yet one could not help but smile at his devilishly appealing disposition. Alan Scarfe as the tormented Othello was excellent in portraying the decline of a generous and loving husband who is overtaken by one overpowering fault—jealousy. His ultimate decline, though tragic, is but a result of an inability to control his emotions.

*King Lear* was the last plays to open and the most anxiously awaited. Tickets were sold out by March and those lucky enough to see the production expected much from Robin Phillips and Peter Ustinov, who acted the title role. The result: Ustinov gave a unique and splendid interpretation of a character who loses everything by mistakenly relying on the faith he has in the gratitude and generosity of his daughters. He portrays Lear not as a great and powerful king, but rather as a kindly and endearing old man who has his heart broken by ungrateful children. Ustinov brings all his training and experience to the successful creation of this loveable character. Unfortunately, however, much of the cast is not up to his level and there's a vacuum whenever Ustinov is not on stage. William Hutt's sad, but wise fool and Jim McQueen's moving and loyal Earl of Kent, both of whom are Lear's only true friends, were excellent. Their presence on stage was most often only with Lear.

On the whole, the play was a powerful and gratifying production. Originality of

costume design (Crimean war era) was quite effective in promoting the military overtures of the play. It would have been better for director Phillips not to have relied so heavily on his star to carry the show. Perhaps if and when it is reproduced next season, appropriate changes will be made.

While this season will be coming to a close on November 4th, plans are well underway for a 1980 season which, on paper, looks quite impressive. Maggie Smith and Brian Bedford will be returning to appear in *Much Ado About Nothing*. Smith will also be starring as Virginia Woolf in the world premiere *Virginia*, a one-woman show by Irish novelist Edna O'Brien, to be directed by Robin Phillips. Another world premiere, *Fox Fire*, by Susan Cooper and Hume Cronyn will probably feature the very talented husband and wife team of Cronyn and Jessica Tandy. Among other plays to be featured will be O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey into Night* starring Ms. Tandy and William Hutt; Chekhov's *The Seagull*; *Henry V*; *Henry VI*; *Twelfth Night*; and revivals of Brian Bedford's 1978 production of *Titus Andronicus* (which was a gory masterpiece) and this season's *Othello*.

On the musical side, *The Beggar's Opera* will be presented featuring The Ontario Youth Choir which was a hit at the Festival Gala (an opening night of theatre, ballet and music). Negotiations are underway to bring Ustinov back as King Lear and in a directorial capacity.

The 1980 season will be Robin Phillips' last as artistic director and it appears that he intends to make it one of his best.

## Today

### Tuesday Night Cafe:

Presents *Orestes and the Furies* or *An Evening of Bits and Pieces*, in honor of Halloween, Morrice Hall room 106. Showtime 8:00 p.m.: \$1.00 for students & senior citizens, reservations 392-4637 or tickets on sale at the door.

### English Literature Association:

Important general meeting of the ELA at 3:00 p.m.

### Students' Council:

Council meeting tonight at 5:30 p.m. in Union room 310. All welcome.

### McGill Ski Team:

Important meeting today at 5:00 p.m. in room G20 of the Gym. Last day to pay deposit for Christmas Camp. Training at 5:15 p.m.

### Term Paper Workshops:

Researching in the Sciences at 10 a.m. and 1 p.m. Writing the Term Paper from 3:00 to 4:30 p.m. in the undergraduate Library workshop room. To sign up call 392-4288.

### Sociology Students' Association:

Is presenting the film *Henry Ford's America* today in Leacock room 26, 3:00 to 4:00 p.m. Everyone welcome.

### McGill Go Club:

First meeting today at 2:00 p.m. in Union room 302. Beginners, intermediate and advanced players are welcome. If you can't make it call Jack at 286-0434.

### Grading Professors:

Meeting for all those interested in working on this year's *Course Evaluations* at 4:30 p.m. in Union room B-22.

### Amnesty International:

Important meeting today at 5:00 p.m. in Union room 425.

### Thompson House Film:

*The Body Snatchers* with Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi Halloween night 8:30 p.m. at 3650 McTavish.

### Pollack Concert Hall:

at 8:30 p.m. hear Jan Simons, baritone and Janet Schmalfeldt, piano, playing

works by Beethoven, Wolf and Schumann.

At 4:00 p.m. in the recital room a lecture by H. Collin Slim on "Instrumental Versions, ca. 1515-1554, of a Late Fifteenth-Century Flemish Chanson, O waerde mont".

### Century's Subtlest Actor?:

English Dept. Film: H.-G. Clouzot's *Quai des Orfèvres* with Louis Jouvet and Suzy Delair. FDAA at 3:00 p.m.

### Be a Judge:

At the McGill High School Debating Tournament. Sign up at the Debating Union office, Union room B16 any day between 12:00 and 2:00 p.m. No experience necessary.

### Depression workshop:

At the Yellow Door. Come and learn how to cope when you're feeling out of it, 3625 Aylmer, 3:30 to 4:30 p.m. Sponsored by the Student Christian Movement.

### CFRM Radio McGill:

Listen to *This is Pop*, today and every Wednesday at 3:00 p.m. for the latest in "new wave."

### McGill Film Society:

*Dark Star* John Carpenter with Dan O'Bannon, admission: \$1.00 or free for those who wear Halloween costumes.

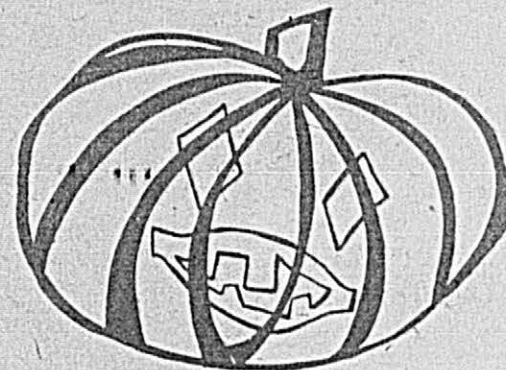
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# Shark Hunter

by Peter L. Thompson  
The Great Shark Hunt  
by Hunter S. Thompson  
Summit Books, 1979  
*He who makes a beast of himself gets rid of the pain of being a man.*

—Dr. Samuel Johnson

No critic worth listening to will deny that Hunter S. Thompson has had considerable influence on contemporary journalism. Thompson acknowledges his debt to Tom Wolfe, who with his New Journalism (*The Electric Acid Kool-Aid Test*, *The Pump House Gang*, etc.) was the first to escape the staid, formulaic drivel which masquerades as journalism everywhere but on the sport pages—and to make money doing it.

Thompson followed with *Gonzo Journalism*. As he explains it—"It is a style of 'reporting' based on William Faulkner's idea that the best fiction is far more true than any kind of journalism—and

the best journalists have always known this.

"Which is not to say that Fiction is necessarily 'more true' than Journalism—or vice versa—but that both 'fiction' and 'journalism' are artificial categories; and that both forms, at their best, are only two different means to the same end."

An early foray into Gonzo was his 1971 novel *Fear & Loathing in Las Vegas*—which began as a short piece for *Sports Illustrated*. The idea was to buy a notebook and to record events as they happened—then to publish the whole thing—without any editing.

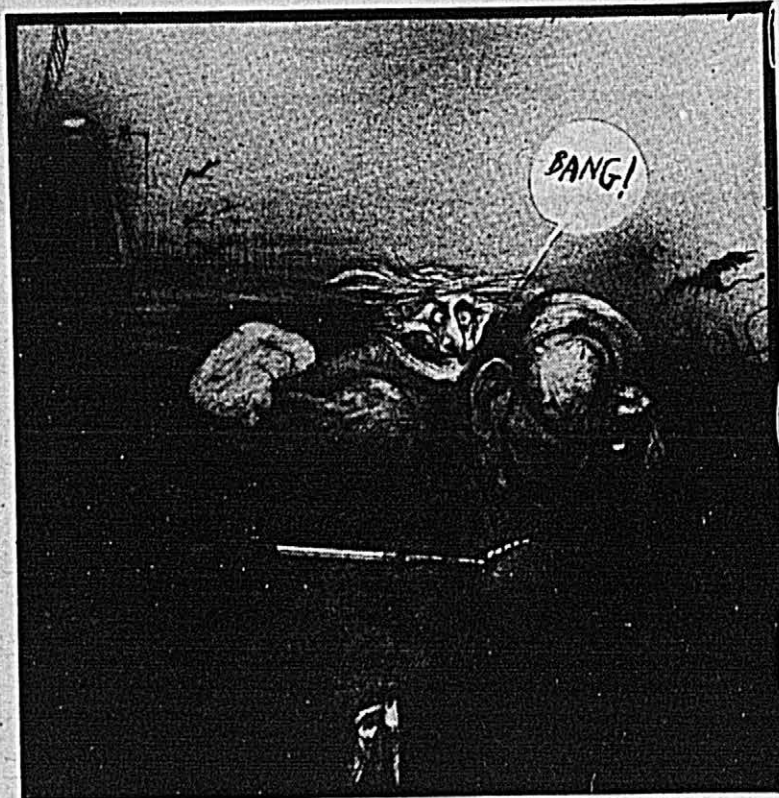
"That way, I felt, the eye and mind of the journalist would be functioning as a camera—once the image was written, the words would be final; in the same way that a Cartier-Bresson photograph is always the full-frame negative. No alterations in the darkroom, no cutting or

cropping, no spotting...no editing."

But this photographic analogy is only part of the story—and perhaps the analogy can be stretched a bit further without breaking. Thompson is not only the producer and cameraman of this literary celluloid, he is also the director, the script-writer, and a major character in the scene.

In an unpublished preface to *Fear & Loathing in Las Vegas*, Thompson starts to explain—"the writer must be a participant in the scene, while he's writing it—or at least taping it, or even sketching it. Or all three." Unfortunately he declines to go on to tell us why. Has he merely fallen prey to a new formula?

There is nothing revolutionary about Thompson's style—Mark Twain, Samuel Pepys and Julius Caesar all have their roots in the same tradition. If William Randolph Hearst hadn't



permanently gimped American journalism when it was but a defenceless child, there would be no need for New or Gonzo Journalism.

We have still not assembled a complete picture—a normal journalist who abandons contemporary formulas is unlikely to produce Gonzo. Ah...therein lies the trick—Hunter S. Thompson is not normal. In fact he is a mean, degenerate, paranoid, warped, suicidal, schizoid, drug-crazed maniac.

Many are unwittingly familiar with the character through Garry Trudeau's nationally-syndicated cartoon strip *Doonesbury*. Trudeau's character Uncle Duke is a fictionalized and sanitized Hunter Thompson. Thompson is not amused. "If I ever catch the little bastard (Trudeau), I'll tear his lungs out."

One of Thompson's major talents is the ability to incite discord—and it is this, in harmony with a flair for attracting attention, which

makes him dangerous to society.

He scratches and tears at the skin of civilization until he unmasks something raw, ugly, visceral. He lances social conventions hoping to find something festering, corrupt, purulent—and when he does, he is in his element. He appears devoid of inhibitions, and his capacity and appetite for all manner of depravity is legendary.

Thompson, on his way home with a friend from an assignment in Mexico: ("As we zoomed over the Yucatan Channel at 8,000 feet, we took stock of what we had left: Two hits of MDA, six tabs of acid, about a gram and a half of raw cocaine, four reds and a random handful of speed..." "We don't have enough drugs here to risk carrying them through Customs..." "What are you saying? That we should just throw all this shit away?" "No. I think we should eat it.")

This flirtation with...no. this wallowing in personal

continued on page 15

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## Thrills!

# Meteor Fizzles

by Jim Blackburn

Ah, Halloween...we all know what the means: mid-terms and term papers. So, if you're one of the thousands who've had it up to your noobies with being rational and accurate, *Meteor* may be just the movie for you. There are atrocities against credibility in it for movie-goers of all persuasions.

If, for example, you're a discerning astrophysics student, hung up on a belief that the asteroid belt is a wide, generally empty space with bits of dust and an occasional chunk of rock, what a joy it'll be for you to see that it's really made up of big chunks of styrofoam, packed closely enough together that you can hop from one to the next. Math students can see that if an object travels at 30,000 m.p.h. for five 24-hour days, it goes 200 million miles.

Although balsawood models of skyscrapers come crashing down for engineers and an in-depth analysis of how ultra-sensitive Soviet-American discussions are really carried out is provided for people in political science, the prize is saved for students of probability.

If four spots on the earth are randomly selected as targets for meteorites or small clusters of meteorites, what are the odds a) that Hong Kong will be destroyed by a resulting tidal wave and b) that New York will be destroyed, one fragment scoring a direct hit on the World Trade Centre.

There is, incidentally, a plot to *Meteor*, and more stars than in some constellations. A comet has hit an asteroid, sending a five mile wide piece *directly* at the earth, along with a few fragments. To prevent a five hundred million megaton catastrophe, Sean Connery, playing a Dr. Borden, is called in by Karl Malden to deflect it with nuclear missiles. The only problem is that the meteor deflecting missiles Connery put in orbit a few years ago now point at the Soviet Union instead of outer space. (This is why Connery

quit NASA a few years ago in righteous indignation, an emotion he understandably shows a lot of as he walks through his role in this movie.) The Russians, of course, have even more orbiting missiles pointing at the U.S., so after a few hairy scenes, the president (Hank Fonda, who is sincere) persuades them to cooperate. So it comes to pass that Brian Keith, who seems to enjoy walking through his part as a Russian astrophysicist, comes to New York to help Connery save the world. They are aided by Natalie Wood, Keith's "English voice", and hindered by Martin Landau, a bad guy general who disobeys the Pentagon whenever he gets in a snit.

Of course, the only reason that people go to disaster movies is to see the special effects. *Meteor* at least, has a lot of them. None of them, regrettably, is any good. The best sequence is an avalanche caused by a fragment scoring a direct hit on a Swiss mountaintop. Skiers are overrun by big styrofoam blocks, a popsicle-stick town collapsed under the weight of spraycan snow, and real skidoos make some really spiffy stunt flips.

The tidal wave hitting Hong Kong and the Big Rocks destroying New York are both worth a few giggles, and watching the megabuck cast wading through tons of muck is truly fine. The big disappointment is the space shots. The movie's prime audience hadn't started kindergarten when Neil Armstrong walked on the moon, the satellite shots of the earth are an artist's conception from the fifties. Similarly, whoever drew Mars for a couple of shots had never looked at a good photograph of it.

Considering how many good movies have opened in town recently, *Meteor* need not be placed on anyone's "must see" list. But if you're sure you'll go over the edge if you so much as glance at your books tonight, it's not a bad way to rot your brain.



# Hacking

by Gall Helmann

My steady babysitter Sue weighed 200 pounds, had bad skin and frizzy hair. She arrived each weekend with a stack of Bob Dylan records, curlers, and a jar of turquoise colored Dippity Doo setting gel. Like the glamorous suburban sitters in the horror movies *Halloween* and *When a Stranger Calls* Sue tittered into the phone about boys. Unlike them she wasn't strangled, stabbed, or verbally abused while on the job.

As those who have been on either end of the babysitting experience know, the profession is neither stimulating, nor lucrative, nor horrific. Apparently though, the amage of a gum cracking schoolgirl minding toddlers in a semi-darkened raised ranch or split level sends directors of

B rate thrillers into paroxysms of lust. The babysitter of today, as depicted cinematically, has read and practiced Alex Comfort, prefers Halston to K Mart, and knows her way around a box of Estee Lauder's disco brights. Only the gleam of orthodonture work from behind a sultry pout hints at that nubile creature's adolescent vulnerability. And poor old Sue just looked wistful as she crooned "Lay Lady Lay" along with her favorite singer.

*Halloween* director John Carpenter's sitters are such floozies that it's reassuring to see that most of them and their libidinous boyfriends get knocked off before the end of the film. One spills food on her clothes during an impassioned telephone gossip

session. She hangs up, strips down and dons the shirt of the father of the house just to cover up for a walk to the backyard utility room where she helps herself to the washer and dryer. She then peels her charge away from the television and drives the family car to a house at which a schoolchum is babysitting. After depositing the child there, the babysitter cruises off to have sex with her boyfriend. Well... the boyfriend leaves the conjugal bed to search for a post-coital Schlitz and winds up staked through the chest onto the pantry door. The babysitter is strangled as she awaits his return. And all for 50¢ an hour.

I have memories of my charges attacking one another with scissors during an arts and crafts session. And I've



# Horror



## Up Baby

had my hair brushed and pinned and tied and braided and pinned again by aspiring beauticians. Aside from that, I experienced little violence during my brief stint as babysitter. But there was *The Legend*.

A friend told me that a friend told her that her friend's friend was pestered by obscene phone calls while babysitting. When the beleaguered girl called the operator she was warned that the calls were coming from the very home in which she was situated. Needless to say, the babysitter and the children were discovered the next day slashed to bits. Now I had always thought that the "Babysitter Telephone Murders", as we'll call them, were peculiar to my hometown. It turns out that babysitters all

over the world are haunted by the same tale. Fred Walton, director of *When a Stranger Calls*, has transformed *The Legend* into an arduous movie.

Carol Kane, the weepy eyed star of *Hester Street* and Woody Allen's first wife in *Annie Hall*, is the babysitter who is tormented by a gruff-voiced caller asking, "Have you checked the children?" The viewer of average intelligence can safely assume even at this point that the children are no more. But Walton unsuccessfully tries to build up suspense between repeated telephone calls with a series of drawn out pans around the living-room. The camera moves from mahogany fireplace, to Chinese ginger jar, to brass candlestick, to Chippendale chair, to telephone and back again.

Kane's moist eyes are leaping off her face, but the audience is unmoved. Why, we must ask ourselves, is this girl minding youngsters in what looks to be an Eaton's catalogue?

Babysitting is an activity perpetrated by the upper class on the upper class, if we are to judge by the Country Squire station wagons and Cuisinart food processors that provide the background for the atrocities committed in *Halloween* and *When a Stranger Calls*. Today's fictional babysitter snacks on Perrier and Gaspé smoked salmon rather than Coke and chips. And screen babysitters are lusty women who prefer sizable decollete to the comfort of a college sweat-shirt. What would Sue say?

graphic by Gil Pimentel

## Chills!

## Reel Scarey

by Steve Lazer

I assume it's easy to scare an audience who wants to be scared. Produce a couple of shocks and adolescents of all ages scream. I was never too receptive; in fact I felt it my duty to resist being frightened. To me the really horrific films were those that made me dig my nails into my little brother's throat in spite of myself.

I'm not quite sure why some films had this effect on me and others didn't. (I was bored by *Frankenstein* and terrified by *The Mummy*). Fear in cinema certainly has little to do with either excessive gore or cheap shocks. In moments like these we tend to simply turn our eyes away from the screen. The degree to which a film can frighten us has something to do with its ability to rivet our eyes to the picture in precisely those instances which depict believable, emotional terror.

Possibly the classic example of this is Alfred Hitchcock's *Psycho*. I've seen the film at least half a dozen times and to this day find it impossible to so much as blink during the shower stabbing. I defy anyone to claim he is not horrified each and every time.

Other directors seem to have an ability to scare us at will. F.W. Murnau's silent classic *Nosferatu* (the prototype of all vampire movies) keeps us wide eyed through all of Count Dracula's sordid feastings, something John Badham and Frank Languella failed to do in this year's remake *Dracula*. Odds are that you weren't scared even if you weren't snoozing. Stanley Kubrick terrifies us regularly even though he has yet to make a "horror" film. (He is about to release the film version of Stephen King's novel of the occult, *The Shining*.)

It is also the job of the performers to compel us to let down our defenses and be mortified. Certain actors were more able than others. Boris Karloff frightened us about

50% of the time. Joan Crawford was successful even more often. Vincent Price almost never was (though as an interesting aside, a friend of mine once hypothesized the substitution of Price in *The Fly* by Ed Sullivan). Peter Lorre was a master of it.

I'm afraid that the past several years have not been vintage for horror films. This years crop (*Alien*, *The Amityville Horror*, *Prophecy*, *When a Stranger Calls*) has been uniformly awful. Modern day horror directors seem to be under the mistaken belief that they can use special effects as a substitute for believable horrific situations. This is a pity because one of the earliest and freshest genres of cinema appears to be falling apart at the seams.

When I think of horror films I have seen I tend to remember either the very good or the outstandingly bad. Movies of this family have the scope to occasionally be awful enough to crash through the barrier of any pretense of worth and emerge as totally enjoyable experiences. An example of this is *The Night of the Lepus*, whose plot surrounds giant mutant bunnies loose in the countryside merrily hippy-hopping people to death. Among other films beyond trash are *Death Race 2000*, *Bug*, *Mantis*, and every film with Godzilla or Mothra ever made. The truly excellent horror films include *Psycho*, *The Birds*, *Nosferatu*, *Dracula*, *The Mummy*, *Carnival of Souls*, *Them*, and *Village of the Damned*. Several others are left out purely as a matter of space.

In the final analysis I suppose that a film's ability to scare depends largely on the sensibilities of the individual viewer. I find it impossible to believe that modern society can invent anything more frightening than Barbara Streisand in *The Owl and The Pussycat*. I'm sure the thousands of people who paid \$3.75 to see *Alien* would disagree.



# Moroccan Pipe Dreams

by David Lake

*The following facts and figures have been gathered from the leader of a Moroccan hashish family and his associates. The information here rings only as true as their words. My sources were, for the most part, quite reliable. I hitch-hiked through the region of Ketama, Morocco and spent six days on a hash farm. Webster's International Dictionary: "hashish; a narcotic drug derived from the cannabis plant, that is smoked, chewed, or drunk for its intoxicating affect."*

It is estimated that between five and six million of Morocco's sixteen million inhabitants are employed in the hashish industry. One of Morocco's regions, Ketama, is the center of the North African hashish industry. The region is situated in the Rif mountains, forty kilometers south of the rocky Mediterranean coastline, and about 300 kilometers east of Tangiers. The majority of hash farms are located between the area forty kilometers on either side of the town of Ketama (not to be confused with the region).

Morocco is labelled a "democratic social monarchy" and is ruled by King Hassan II. It is a mysterious land governed by Islamic ritual and ancient tradition, rife with intrigue and danger. Between the years 1912 to 1956 Morocco was divided into three zones. The largest zone was under French administration, another was under Spanish rule, and the third was administered by an international force. In 1956 Morocco demanded the return of its monarch, France, after learning a lesson in Algeria, offered no opposition.

The region of Ketama holds an interesting position in Moroccan history. Chaouen, a

two thousand year-old town, located in the mountains there, was the only town to resist the French imperialist drive for complete control over the colony. During the French reign the army tried in vain to stop the flow of hashish from Ketama. The French did succeed in controlling the roads, but the industrious hash farmers used the mountain paths and mules as their main means of transportation. Travel throughout the region is not easy for foreigners; 35% of the inhabitants are Berber who are prohibited from talking to someone not-faithful to their religion. Drastic measures are taken if a stranger interferes with the community.

Recently the demand for hashish in the western world has created a huge and sophisticated industry in several underdeveloped countries, countries whose climate is perfectly suited for the cultivation of cannabis. In Morocco, many an entrepreneur has devoted his energies to the hashish industry because of a lack of an alternative business. A Moroccan government census shows the average citizen making approximately \$500 a year. Although, related to the cost of living, this wage isn't as bad as it sounds.

In Ketama one kilo of "top quality" hash will cost from 800 to 1000 dirhams, (200-250 dollars). This hash can be retailed in western Europe and North America for \$3000 to \$7000, depending on the destination. The Moroccan farmer is boggled by the idea that hash can be so expensive. The exorbitant price of this simple crop is entirely the result of its reputation and

illegality.

The Moroccan hash industry, much like the Mafia, is a family affair. A family can contain anywhere from 50 to 1000 members. Each individual is assigned a particular task. The jobs range from taking care of the farm house, to cultivating the crop, to removing nuisances from the scene. Some families will offer a carrying service for an additional \$200, whereby a specially trained member will trek through the mountains and drop a package off on the coast.

At present, the industry does not fear the law but fears the imminent legalization of marijuana and hashish. It is a common belief that as soon as the commodity is legalized large corporations will quickly move into Ketama. Once there, the corporations can easily destroy the small farmer and entrepreneur who controls the region at the moment. The corporations will set up plantations, fix prices, and exploit the countries, just as certain corporations exploit the banana republics and coffee countries; reaping tremendous profits and employing the local farmer at basement wages. Most people of this region believe that the Moroccan government will protect the hash industry by keeping it illegal and closing its eyes to everything but the smuggling of hash across the borders of Morocco.

Flying along a windy Moroccan road between Bab Taza and Ketama in a large white late-model Mercedes... The Rif mountains (altitude 8000 feet) loom ominously on both sides of the road. On the mountainsides the farms sit serenely in the haze of a torrid

summer day. There is never any need to hurry in the Rif mountains, time is marked by the changing of the seasons, not the ticking of a second hand.

A stranger intently tries to come to grips with his surroundings. The mountains; sandy, red, and rocky glimmer in the midday heat that forces the mercury over the 100

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degree mark (Fahrenheit). Heat can do strange things to a man. In the summer months the inhabitants take siestas, or greatly reduce their activities between noon and six p.m. And they stay in the shade whenever it is possible, and drink hot drinks (such as mint tea and coffee) that help keep the body temperature down.

The white Mercedes belonged to two Germans who picked me up after I decided to abandon the erratic Moroccan transportation system. Their first question was, "Do you have any hash on you?" When I responded negatively I was allowed into the car.

When entering the region of Ketama the first aspect of the hashish trade one encounters is the beckoning of the roadside dealers. These are the younger inhabitants of the area who sit all day by the side of the road holding up slabs of hashish to passing cars. They plead, "Arrête je veux parler avec toi pour un minute."

It is believed that 90% of the strangers that travel through the region of Ketama will purchase hashish. On this particular day the sun was so hot that the occupants of the Mercedes, although motionless, were bathed in sweat. The group had the scent of Westerners: all Westerners are regarded as rich, affluent, and free from hardships. It doesn't matter if the individual has only a small backpack to his name or has his hands around the wheel of an expensive car. If he is from the West he has money.

The Mercedes sped forward past a herd of goats grazing in a patch of sun-baked grass on the side of the road. A motorcycle with two occupants pulled up behind the car. One drove, and the other is waved a chunk of hash trying to persuade the car to stop. After several kilometers we finally outpaced the bothersome salesman and travelled unhindered deeper into Ketama.

On the roads in and around Ketama one can count on seeing four types of dealers: the poor ones who peddle on foot; the middle-class dealers peddling on motorbikes; the upper-middle class doing their business in cars; and the wealthy dealers who work out of bigger and newer cars. Of course, there is one more class of dealer, but this last type is the man pulling the strings and not often seen by the average buyer.

About one kilometer from the town of Ketama the Mercedes was again signalled to stop by roadside dealers. When we pretended not to see them, the roadside group promptly jumped into their automobiles and pursued the potential clients. The pursuers

meant no harm, they were just hoping to enlighten the tourists as to the potential profits attainable from purchasing their product.

After some interesting manoeuvres, once narrowly missing a truck while speeding through a gas station, the Mercedes squealed to a stop on the main street. The street was only constructed on one side. One portion consisted of a four star hotel of proportions that one does not often see in Morocco; this hotel was reserved for the big businessmen. The rest of the side consisted of traditional modest Moroccan cafés and restaurants. This is the infamous town of Ketama.

The three occupants in the Mercedes chose one of the cafés, sat down at an outdoor table and ordered three mint teas, the specialty of Morocco. We surveyed the ground and watched a farmer whip his overloaded and weak mule into motion. The scenario was reminiscent of a Clint Eastwood movie where Clint is just about ready to meet four gunmen at high noon. The bees swarmed to the table— attracted by the scent of boiled mint leaves, and the dealers stormed, attracted by the scent of potential clients. Twenty-four businessmen is a lot for the sparsely populated town.

One pulled out a very black piece of hash and stated; "Voilà, ça c'est la meilleur qualité de hashish au Maroc." Another commented in broken English; "Just come to my farm, it is quiet, many girls for entertainment. Come to visit me, you are not obliged to buy anything."

Yet another, "Tu quieres chocolate de la mejor calidad. Viene conmigo y habla un poco."

Throughout this ordeal there was never a sense of impending violence, the atmosphere was one of gamesmanship and joviality. Slogans and business propaganda were aimed at the group, but never was a weapon. As one said, "We are businessmen, we do not like, nor favor, violence. If you wish to visit Ketama quietly choose one man and go to his farm."

Another, "Oul, il n'y a pas de problèmes ici. Nous n'aimons pas de violence; nous sommes de la religion Islam ou violence est interdit."

Pushing foreigners who travel through this area to the limit is all in a day's work.

*...to be continued next week*



**Molson**

*wishes*

*you*

**A**

**HAPPY**

**HALLOWE'EN**





continued from page 4

"Do you know how cold it gets around the airport in the winter?"

"Yeh. Real cold. So what?"

"So imagine that man's body out there in the boot of a car for three days."

Ned stared at the boy, astonished by the morbid turn their conversation had taken.

"Listen. Britain's got the I.R.A. They kill people. Did you not enjoy the Halloween Dance? Is that it? Take it from me: people get murdered in Glasgow too."

"I know," Vincent declared forlornly, "But it doesn't get as cold there."

"Anyway," Ned said with a cough, "Let me get on with my story, will you? I didn't go home with this girl, but I got her number. The following day I set off for Toronto figuring Montreal just wasn't my town. I found myself later that night at a place called the Maples Inn. I was drunk as hell and only fifteen miles out of town. The next thing you know: up walks this girl again! She took me out on the gallery. I have

to talk to you, she says. It was like a cowboy picture, I'm telling you. Anyway, she made me an offer I couldn't refuse. How did we get onto this topic of discussion anyway?"

"The Eve of Destruction," Vincent said. He was listening now. Ned was silent. "I still prefer the I.R.A. to the F.L.Q.," Vincent said, "The I.R.A. blows up pubs and I never went to pubs, but I do have a hall cupboard that could have a secret panel like the one the F.L.Q. used in their flat on Queen Mary Road. Haven't you ever looked in at the back of your hall cupboard and thought, hey, there could be somebody hidden behind that wall. Do you ever think of things like that? Secret panels?"

"As a matter of fact, I do," Ned said, his mind turning back to the Hardy Boy mystery of that name, the first one he ever read. "The Secret Panel!" He looked at the boy beside him as if he'd seen a ghost; for he had: a ghost from his lost boyhood.

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FOX, Gary  
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LEUNG, Peter  
LEVINSON, Scott  
LOPEZ CENICEROS, Jaime  
McGINN, David

McKEOWN, Holly  
MALLON, William  
MASSAMBANI, Oswaldo  
MEMON, Zafar  
MEUNIER, John  
MORONEY, Thomas  
MOSER, Franklin  
MWAKISU, Burton  
NUTTALL, Charles  
NYLANDER, Dudley  
OCHIENG-OBBO, Frederick  
O'MALLEY, Peter  
PEREIRA, Paul  
PERRONE, Stephen  
PICCONE, Vincent  
PIKE, Carl  
PROBST, Alyson  
QURAISHI, Mohammed  
RAMSAY, Eric  
RIBERDY, Bernard  
ROYAL, John  
SCANLON, Martha  
SCHMITZ, Brian  
SCHWARZ, Henry  
SCOTT, Lloyd  
SELIM, Gul  
SEHDEV, Paramjit  
SHOLTES, Tamar  
SISA, Nedi  
SMITH, Douglas  
SMOHA, Eric  
STINSON, Craig  
TEO, Poh-Kheam  
THAKER, Sallish  
THONG, Pao-Yi  
VANDEMBORGHE, Jacques  
WONG, Chi Ho Benedict  
WOOD, Karen



# Dressing to Kill

by Bart Boehlert

Halloween is here and with it the costume parties. These parties are fun except for the anxiety-ridden period preceding the soiree when each guest wonders, "What should I be this year?"

Lack of time, ingenuity or coordinating props, may force people to give up the fight and answer, "I'll be what I was last year". For men, this often means putting together an eclectic hobo look.

Halloween is the only time when they can wear their stained sweatshirt, ripped overalls and goofy busboy shoes to a social gathering. Many women choose the whore look. Trashy clothes, bulk makeup and a lot of chewing gum to do the trick (no pun intended).

But there's hope.

Pop culture personalities can be easily imitated and identified through the use of a few good props and a well-versed line. Here are some ideas for fun-lovers looking for a new Halloween get-up.

For Women:

- Frizz your hair. Think ahead and let your armpit hair grow. Wear an old tank top, scream until your voice is hoarse and go as Patty Smith.

- Swing a camera around your neck, in one hand hold a pen to autograph books and in the other hand clutch \$18 for admission into Studio 54. You are Margaret Trudeau.

- Walk on stilts. Wear a blond wig and flash those pearly whites. Say things like "Well Johnnie, Sylvester and I are really like together, ya know?" It's Susan Anton.

- Wear a black slip, carry an Academy Award Oscar and go as Jill Clayburgh. For greater effectiveness, drag along a young boy.

For Men:

- Wear an old tweed jacket and a battered rain hat. At the party lie on the couch and talk

about your sexually repressed adolescence. Woody Allen, here.

- Become fat fast by tying pillows to your body. Demand \$10,000 for each minute you spend at the party. You're Marlon Brando.

- Like the pillow idea? Use them as described above and wear an Oriental kimono. Carry a textbook and periodically whack it with your hand. Have someone authoritatively announce: Samurai Student.

- Dress as a woman and go as Craig Russell.

- Wear a conservative three-piece business suit and drop buzz words like "dynamically static", "concrete conceptualization", and "energized apathy". You're Jerry Brown. To make a fun couple, have a short-haired woman friend wear gym shorts and bop around on roller skates as a vivacious Linda Rondstadt. You both leave early for a trip to Africa.

## Magic Moment

by Betty Machny

Last Sunday, with Halloween only three days away, the usually serene halls of Maison du Quebec at Man and his World were brought to life with illusions and laughter, as it became the scene of Magic Montreal, the first ever magic convention to be held in our fair city.

This event, which was presented by local dealers Perfect Magic and Mephisto Canada, was held in the honor of Magic Tom Auburn, a man who has probably done more for art than anyone else in this city through his work with children as well as his charity work.

In attendance were dealers from all over the continent, including Montreal's own Perfect Magic, Bob Little, of Guaranteed Magic of Penn-

sylvania, Warren Stevens of Michigan, Cuban-born José de la Torry currently a resident of New Jersey, and Peter White of P&A Silks, from Connecticut. The merchandise included something from every taste and budget, ranging from \$5 pocket illusions to a \$40 robot assistant.

The day opened at 11 with the Dealer's Show, which gave the merchants of magic the opportunity to show off their best effects.

This was followed by a lecture by illusionist George Schindler. A lecture, for those of you who have never been to one, is a classroom-type discussion of the best way to do and present tricks, given by the old masters. Mr. Schindler stressed the use of natural moves in doing sleights, and

the incorporation of everyday objects, such as sponges, into a magic act.

After a break for lunch, the events continued with the close-up show, which is sleight-of-hand at its best. The crowd was treated to such delights as the hysterically funny "non-magic of Bob Little, George Schindler's money xeroxing machine, a great twist to the classic card prediction performed by de la Torry, and Warren Steven's magic lesson routine which involved setting a borrowed handkerchief ablaze.

The afternoon drew to a close with a lecture by Stevens, who showed how many deceptive illusions can be made at home, out of everyday objects.

The evening closed with the grand illusions of Glenn David, who made his assistant appear out of her own hat, before cutting her in half, and making her vanish once more.

**Producers:**  
Gino Apponi  
Sue Shears  
Steve Lazer,  
Gail Heimann-ed.  
Gigi Rosenberg  
Gil Pimentel  
Harold Koblin

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## Inuks sweep Redmen, broom shrinks

by Louis Rakita

CHICOUTIMI — The Redmen will open their home schedule at McConnell Winter Stadium Saturday against the Laval Rouge et Or with nary a win on their record, after a double loss on the weekend in Chicoutimi.

The players were silent after Friday's opener, when the UQAC team handed them their worst defeat of the young season, a 16-1 embarrassment, but felt very positive about their comeback Saturday afternoon, a much closer, though losing, 8-5 score.

The Inuks weren't that impressive on Friday, although they did fire 58 shots at Redmen François Grenier and his replacement Larry Rush, neither of whom was particularly sharp. The only reason they seemed to walk in on the McGill goalies was that the Redmen defence simply wasn't moving the puck.

Dave Moritsugo, the winger who was named star of the team for Saturday's game, said, "We weren't physical and we weren't moving the puck. Our defence wasn't bringing it up-ice. Also, we didn't go in the corners and come up with the puck. You've got to be physical in this league, and we're still not used to it."

The Inuk defence didn't have a good game either, but the Redmen couldn't take advantage of their mistakes.

UQAC led 4-0 before McGill got on the scoreboard, late in the first period, but they came right back, less than a minute later to make it 5-1. A goal late in a period is bad enough, but the Redmen's fate was sealed when nine seconds later Fernand Deschamps surprised Grenier to make the score 6-1.

McGill tried to come back, but simply couldn't put together a good offensive drive most of their 32 shots weren't too dangerous.

The Inuks added insult to injury by putting eight goals past Rush in the last period, three in the last minute, as they finally seemed to wake up. Despite the 16 goals, it appeared that it was the Redmen who were playing badly rather than UQAC playing well. McGill was only legitimately impressive over the latter part of the final period.

The Redmen were walking wounded after the game; Cory Boiselle injured his knee and may have to undergo surgery and Rick Lee had to take 14 stitches for a cut above his left eyebrow. Out of frustration more than anything else, Ed Vlasic was a regular patron of the penalty box. Vlasic drew

five minors, four of them for roughing—the John Ferguson school of "knock 'em down, fire 'em up."

"Ken (coach Tyler) didn't say too much after the game," said Moritsugo. "He said that we should feel badly—how else can you feel after a lopsided game like that—but he told us to make sure we were mentally prepared for the next one (Saturday)."

There was no doubt about it, the Redmen came to play on Saturday. Inuks' Leo Simard, who had a hat-trick and two assists Friday, was ejected from the game in the first minute. Normally, that would fire a team up. But the Redmen weren't down to begin with. They were buzzing around the Chicoutimi goal so much in that first period that the goalie Laval Leclerc was starting to wonder if McGill had subtletized that part of the rink.

After some tremendous pressure, Pierre Vaillancourt's low shot from the point found the net, and McGill had a 1-0 lead. It could easily have been a lot more, were it not for some splendid saves by Leclerc, and the active role played by part of the net itself. All in all, four goal-posts and a cross-bar were hit during the game.

The Redmen kept the pressure on, forcing the Inuks into mistakes, such as coughing up the puck with remarkable frequency, but they just couldn't penetrate Leclerc.

The Inuks' first goal was scored on one of their few rushes, but many Redmen thought it shouldn't have been scored at all. Michel Hubert's slapshot found the open side of the net, vacated by Rush only because he was forcibly shoved out of the crease by an Inuk player. Rush, normally a cool-headed young man, stormed out to the blueline to dispute the call with the referee.

Needless to say, the goal counted, and the period resumed. This was probably the most exciting period the Redmen have played all year. There was end-to-end action, sensational stops by both goalies, good, solid defensive play, and tight forechecking by the forwards.

One aspect that was conspicuous by its absence was the almost total lack of hitting by either club. Apparently it wasn't necessary for this part of the game, and it certainly served to speed things up considerably.

Unlike Friday's game, most of the Redmen's shots were deadly, but time after time Leclerc came up with a key save. A sour note was that it

was Gilles Godin of Chicoutimi who broke the tie, as he caught the McGill defence on a rare lapse, and that hurt. Leclerc, who was definitely the differ-

ence in the game to that point, wasn't tested too severely in the last few minutes of the period.

In the intermission, Carlo Command, who averted a shut-out for the Redmen the night before but was not dressed for this game, mentioned that McGill needed an early goal to spark them. It happened, and as it was so often this game, the Moritsugo-Ken Covo-Nells Anthonisen line was right in the middle of things. Covo, a key for the Redmen with a goal and three assists, was instrumental in setting up Moritsugo for a power-play goal at 1:31.

Indeed, that gave the Redmen a lift, but it was shortlived as Yves Tremblay's slapper was not quite stopped by Rush, and trickled in behind him to give the lead back to Chicoutimi.

The team didn't allow a cheap goal like that to faze them, however, and another concentrated effort paid off as Moritsugo, who could have had two hat-tricks let alone one,

was on Leclerc's doorstep to poke the puck home and tie it once more for McGill.

The Inuks were playing about the same as they did on Friday, but the Redmen were ready for them this time. McGill didn't dominate the second period: they owned it outright. They were skating and shooting, with the Inuks powerless to stop them. Covo, the newly-appointed captain who has become the unquestioned leader of this squad, was left alone in front, and Moritsugo fed him to give McGill a well-deserved lead.

By this time, though, not all attention was being paid to the scoreboard. Ed Vlasic, chided after Friday's five-penalty game (your spot is permanently reserved in the box, Eddie), was trying desperately to avoid any altercations this game. At one point, two UQAC payers slashed and cross-checked him, yet the referee and linesmen were oblivious to it all. Vlasic couldn't believe a penalty wasn't called; neither could the Redmen.

This wasn't a top-notch game by the officials. (One possible explanation was found: the referee's name (Gaudreault) matched an Inuk defence-

man's.) More than a few calls were missed.

The game ended 8-5 for Chicoutimi, but the Redmen players didn't feel like losers. The play was even most of the way, with the last three minutes of the second period making all the difference.

"We won our self-respect," said Brown. "We have the spirit and desire now, and we're learning more and more every game. And of course by learning more and more every game, we're playing better. I think our next game (home opener Saturday vs. Laval, 7 p.m.) will be very exciting. We've got something to shoot for; we can taste victory now. Every body's going to give 100%."

Moritsugo pointed out a couple of particulars. "Look for a close game," he said. "We have a week's practice ahead, and the on-ice training will definitely help us. Laval is good, but I think we can win."

The attitude is there and the results will be known Saturday. Even if they didn't win, the Redmen proved something this weekend: they have class. I hope to see many of you fans at McConnell on Saturday—black tie optional.



McGill Film Society Presents

Wednesday 31 Oct.

**DARK STAR**

7:00 & 9:30 in Leacock 132 - \$1.00

Wear a costume & get in free! Kisses at the door!

Thursday 1 Nov.

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7:00 (1 show only) in Frank Dawson Adams Auditorium - \$1.00

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Friday 2 Nov.

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6:30 & 9:30 in Leacock 132 - \$1.25

(Please note time change)

Get lucky and win a soundtrack album!

Saturday 3 Nov.

**THE BUDDY HOLLY STORY**

7:00 & 9:30 in Leacock 132 - \$1.25

"That'll be the day" we lay a disc on some lucky cat or kitten!



## Shark Hunter



degeneracy is a hallmark of much of Thompson's best work...it is the iron, so to speak, against which he strikes a creative spark with the flint of his wit.

"My eyes had finally opened enough for me to focus on the mirror across the room and I was stunned at the shock of recognition. For a confused instant I thought that Ralph had brought somebody with him—a model for that one special face we'd been looking for. There he was, by God—a puffy, drink-ravaged, disease-ridden caricature.....like an awful cartoon version of an old snapshot in some once-proud mother's family photo album. It was the face we'd been looking for—and it was, of course, my own. Horrible, horrible..."

Although Thompson is resolutely on the dissolute side of current moral norms, he is himself the hero of his moral tales. There is a mass market for a character who, if not above, is at least ahead of the law. He is a con-artist of considerable talent, adept at jumping hotel bills "by checking out in a raving frenzy at dawn, at the end of the night clerk's shift"—and signing the name of a large faceless corporation on the bill.

He is entirely indifferent to authority—editors cringe at the mention of his name—his Interpol file is fat and up-to-date—he is full of such adolescent tricks as spraying Mace in crowded restaurants, and drag racing on the Las Vegas strip in a white Cadillac convertible—he attacks life with a kamikaze verve that leaves saner men reeling—he has survived several very real, very close brushes with death—this then is the stuff of which dreams are fashioned in the sterile '70s.

Furthermore, Thompson's ambivalent personal morality has the paradoxical effect of lending credence to his condemnation of what he considers really evil. And he is an old hand at condemnation—his adjectival artillery is intimidating, his perception keen and his command of metaphor awesome. But what persists in memory long after the images

have faded is the peculiar venom of the attack.

In 1967 he described President Lyndon Johnson as "a stupid thug from Texas. A vicious liar, with the ugliest family in Christendom...mean Okies feeling honored by the cheap indulgence of a George Hamilton, a stinking animal ridiculed even in Hollywood."

Most Americans would not have dared voice such un-charitable sentiments in their own homes, to say nothing of publishing them.

It is Thompson's reputation for doing and saying what he feels, consequences be damned, which has earned him a devoted audience. This audience will be excited by the appearance of a new volume by Dr. Thompson, *The Great Shark Hunt*.

There is nothing really new here, however. *Shark Hunt* is a collection of articles, memos and letters which, for the most part, have been previously published in various journals. I suspect a scheme to pay the good Doctor's bills without

much expenditure of his time and effort—he cheerfully admits that, "I've always considered writing the most hateful kind of work. I suspect it's a bit like fucking, which is only fun for amateurs. Old whores don't do much giggling."

Nevertheless the volume is a welcome addition to my library, because it includes much of Thompson's early work, as well as many of the classic articles he wrote for *Scanlan's Monthly* and for *Rolling Stone*.

The direction of Thompson's professional development is revealed here—in entries ranging from his Air Force career in the mid-fifties to a portrait of the aging Muhammad Ali in 1978, it is easy to follow the evolution of the man's mind as he steadily acquires a yet firmer grasp of abnormality.

*The Great Shark Hunt* is a good introduction to Gonzo Journalism, but is not restricted to that genre. There are a number of pieces of "straight" journalism written during the sixties which are not only stunningly perceptive in retrospect but are also among the most memorable evocations of that era.

Of the Gonzo pieces here, some work, and some don't. Sometimes a piece becomes, in Thompson's own words, "a victim of its own conceptual schizophrenia, caught and finally crippled in that vain, academic limbo between 'journalism' and 'fiction'..." That statement might make the author a fitting epitaph...it is too early to say for sure. Perhaps a variation of the title of this latest volume will prove more appropriate—Here lies *The Great Shark Hunter*. The

dictionary defines "shark" as:  
1. a species of fish, often large and ferocious.  
2. a person who preys on others, as by cheating or usury.  
3. a person who has unusual

ability in a particular field.  
4. to live by shifts and stratagems.  
5. to obtain by trickery or fraud; to steal.  
Now you decide who is shark and who is hunter.

## NOTICE!

The Office of the Dean of Students is arranging a Meeting for Disabled Students and Staff Members

to set up an organization

- to work together with the administration of McGill in recognizing the needs of disabled students
- develop a short and long term program of accessibility modifications
- to work on and off campus to better the life of the disabled individual through both education and legislation
- to help any new students or any temporarily disabled students with difficulties they may have in adjusting to campus

Any other students or staff members interested in setting up a peer assistant program are asked to respond.

*Call 392-4551 or visit the Office of the Dean of Students 3637 Peel St., room 211 to arrange a time and place for the first meeting.*

## ADULT PHYSICAL EDUCATION ON ICE

*Interested in a Fitness Program Involving Ice Hockey?*

The purpose of the program is fun and fitness. A high skill level is not a prerequisite for participation. Within the group there will be a wide range of hockey skills from beginners to advanced. A typical session includes a warm-up, interval skating drills, a hockey skill development drill, a hockey fitness drill, scrimmage and a cool-down period.

There will be two sessions per week at McGill Winter Arena: **Mondays and Wednesdays from 2:30 p.m. to 4:15 p.m.** The starting date was **October 29th**. The program will run for 18 weeks.

Late applicants accepted.

Medical clearance from your physician is required before starting this program.

The cost will be:

McGill Gymnasium members	\$75.00
McGill Faculty and Staff not holding Gym Memberships	\$100.00
All others	\$125.00

The program will be under the direction of Dr. David Montgomery of McGill's Department of Physical Education. He will be assisted by Professor John Chomay.

Registration forms and additional information are available from the **McGill Athletics Department - 475 Pine Ave. West office G-3 - tel: 392-4725**, or from David Montgomery, Physical Education Department tel: 392-8836.

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# V.D.

## Some straight talk from Julius Schmid

The purpose of this advertisement is to educate you about venereal diseases. If you think this subject is no concern of yours, we'd like to point out that V.D. has reached epidemic proportions in Canada. It cuts across all age, income, social and educational groups. A conservative estimate is that between 500,000 and 1 million Canadians suffer from V.D.

What we're going to do in this advertisement is to tell you in plain, simple language about three

of the most prevalent venereal diseases in Canada today. What the symptoms are, the various stages of the diseases and most important of all, what you can do to prevent infection.

Now, if in the course of reading this advertisement, you suspect you might have some of the symptoms described, consult your physician immediately. The treatment is confidential and if caught early enough the disease can be easily treated.

### GONORRHEA

This particular disease has become rampant due to possible changing social and sexual attitudes. Despite the most advanced treatment methods medical science has been unable to check the spread of this condition.

#### STAGE I

Symptoms generally appear from two to six days after exposure to the bacterium *Neisseria gonorrhoea*, however, up to 20 percent of men and as high as 80 percent of women show no symptoms at all. In the male, the usual signs are pain when urinating and a discharge of pus from the penis. Women are likely to experience burning during urination, a yellowish vaginal discharge, abnormal menstrual bleeding, and swelling or abscess of the Bartholin's glands at the mouth of the vagina. (Symptoms of oral and anal infection may include, in the throat, a burning sensation, and, in the rectum, burning and itching, persistent urge to defecate, and a bloody discharge).

#### STAGE II

If allowed to progress untreated, gonorrhea can produce severe inflammation of the pelvic organs; blockage of the Fallopian tubes and sperm ducts and thus sterility; gonorrheal rheumatism or arthritis; inflammation of the heart valves; even blindness, particularly in newborn babies.

Up until a few years ago, penicillin was the standard treatment method, but today, several penicillin-resistant strains of the disease have appeared and other, stronger drugs—tetracycline, spectinomycin, ampicillin, amoxicillin—must sometimes be used. Cases in which pelvic inflammatory disease has developed may also require hospitalization.

### SYPHILIS

First of all let's make one thing clear: you can't pick up syphilis from lavatory seats or public drinking fountains. Syphilis is transmitted only through sexual intercourse.

#### STAGE I

About three weeks after sexual relations, a lesion called a chancre (pronounced "shanker") develops at the site—usually the genitals or mouth—and nearby lymph nodes become enlarged. The chancre itself disappears within four to six weeks.

#### STAGE II

If syphilis is left untreated, more lymph nodes eventually become enlarged and a spotty red rash appears over most of the body. During this stage, fever, weight loss, general weakness, loss of appetite and headaches are typical. After several months, the rash subsides and syphilis enters a latent period lasting months or even years.

#### STAGE III

**Blindness, insanity, impotence, heart disease.**

Children born to syphilitic mothers are also infected. The earliest sign is sniffing, after which sores appear on the skin and the mucous membranes, and the disease starts to progress as in adults.

If caught early enough, syphilis can be easily treated with penicillin. Other antibiotics such as tetracycline, erythromycin, or chloramphenicol are also used.

### GENITAL HERPES

This sexually transmitted disease was almost unknown until the late sixties. About 95 percent of all cases are due to infection with herpes simplex virus II, a virus affecting only the genital areas; while another 5 percent result from infection of the genital area with herpes simplex I, the cold-sore virus.

#### STAGE I

In women, tiny, painful blisters resembling oral cold sores appear on the labia, cervix or anus. Symptoms in men include similar lesions on the penis or anus, accompanied by burning urination and watery penile discharge. Fever is a possibility in both sexes. Within a day or so the blisters break, then form round, grey-white patches which generally heal spontaneously within two weeks. This may be the end of the problem, or genital herpes may reappear periodically as cold sores often do.

#### STAGE II

A possible serious complication: recent studies suggest that herpes II may play a role in the development of cervical cancer. The virus is reported to be present in 36 percent of cervical cancer patients, and parts of the herpes II virus have been extracted from cervical cancer cells. Because of this, women who've been infected should be especially careful to have regular Pap tests.

No totally effective cure for herpes exists. While some gynecologists paint the infected area with gentian violet, others maintain this treatment doesn't work. However, a promising new antiherpes drug, adenine arabinoside (Ara-A) is being tested and may soon be approved for general use.

### AND HOW TO PREVENT CONTRACTING THEM.

There are only two methods of avoiding the risk of contracting V.D.

1. Refrain from sexual relations.
2. Use a prophylactic during intercourse.

Use of the prophylactic is the only method officially recognized and accepted as an aid in the prevention of transmission of venereal disease. Besides being a disease preventative, prophylactics are one of the oldest and more effective means of birth control known and the most popular form used by males.

And we'd like to introduce you to six of the best brands of prophylactics that money can buy. They're all made by Julius Schmid. They're all electronically tested to assure quality and dependability. And you can only buy them in drug stores.

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### FOUREX

*"Non-Slip" Skins—* distinctly different from rubber, these natural membranes from the lamb are specially processed to retain their fine natural texture, softness and durability. Lubricated and rolled for added convenience.

### SHEIK

*Sensi-Shape (Lubricated) & Regular (Non-Lubricated).* The popular priced, high quality reservoir-end rubber prophylactic. Rolled, ready-to-use.

### NuForm

*Sensi-Shape (Lubricated) & Sensi-Shape (Non-Lubricated).* The "better for both" new, scientifically developed shape that provides greater sensitivity and more feeling for both partners. Comes in "passionate pink." Rolled, ready-to-use.

### EXCITA

Gently ribbed and sensi-shaped to provide "extra pleasure for both partners." Sensitol lubricated for added sensitivity. Also in "passionate pink." Rolled, ready-to-use.

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